

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES

5 of 6

PETER DAVID
ROBIN FURTH
RICHARD ISANOVE

STEPHEN THE DARK KING



FALL OF GILEAD

STEPHEN THE DARK TOWER

CREATIVE DIRECTOR AND EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
STEPHEN KING

PLOTTING AND CONSULTATION
ROBIN FURTH

ART
RICHARD ISANOVE

SCRIPT
PETER DAVID

LETTERING
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS

PRODUCTION
ANTHONY DIAL
& PAUL ACERIOS

VICE PRESIDENT OF CREATIVE
TOM MARVELLI

ASSISTANT EDITOR
MICHAEL HORWITZ

SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT OF SALES & PUBLISHING
DAVID GABRIEL

SENIOR EDITOR
RALPH MACCHIO

SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT OF STRATEGIC DEVELOPMENT
RUWAN JAYATILLEKE

COVER
RICHARD ISANOVE

EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

SPECIAL THANKS TO CHECK VERRILL, MARSHA DEFILIPPO, RALPH VICINANZA, BARBARA ANN MCINTYRE, BRIAN STARK, JIM NAUSEDAS, JIM MCCANN, ARJUNE SINGH, CHRIS ALLO, JEFF SUTER, JOHN BARBER, LAUREN SANKOVITCH, NICOLE BOOSE AND JIM CALAFIORE.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON DARK TOWER COMICS, VISIT MARVEL.COM/DARKTOWER.

TO FIND MARVEL COMICS AT A LOCAL COMIC AND HOBBY SHOP, GO TO WWW.COMICSHOPLOCATOR.COM OR CALL 1 888 COMICBOOK.

DARK TOWER: THE FALL OF GILEAD No. 5, November, 2009. Published Monthly by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10018. © 2009 Stephen King. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof and all related indicia are trademarks of Stephen King. Marvel and its logos are TM & © Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R123123895) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #4066527. Printed in the USA. ALAN FINE, EVP - Office Of The Chief Executive Marvel Entertainment, Inc. & CEO Marvel Characters B.V.; DAN BUCKLEY, Chief Executive Officer and Publisher - Print, Animation & Digital Media; JIM SOKOLOWSKI, Chief Operating Officer; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management; MICHAEL PASQUILLO, VP Merchandising & Communications; JIM O'NEIL, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CAUL, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIEL, Director of Publishing & Editorial Operations; SUSAN GRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Matt Dana, Advertising Director, at mdana@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-271-9155.

IN A WORLD THAT HAS MOVED ON...

As Gilead readied itself for the festive celebration of its new-titled gunslingers, Roland's mother prepared to repent for her adulterous sins with the sorcerer Marten. Seemingly out of nowhere, Marten appeared and lured Gabrielle into becoming the prime element in the planned assassination of her husband Steven with the help of Steven's great enemy, John Farson, and Farson's nephew and spy, Kingson. Distrusting of his returned mother, Roland left the festivities to find the destructive sphere called Maerlyn's Grapefruit hidden away in her chambers. The sphere drew him into a hallucination that provoked him into fatally shooting Gabrielle...

Meanwhile, Steven has discovered his wife's treachery and heads to his chambers where he sees that Maerlyn's Grapefruit is gone from his safe. And the only person who was close enough to Stephen to take the key was Gabrielle.

Steven makes the decision to track the Good Man, John Farson, to his camp and then capture him, kill the evil sorcerer Marten and retrieve Maerlyn's Grapefruit.

Only by bringing the machinations of Farson into the light can the taint of premeditated murder be removed from his son Roland.

But one of Deschain's men, Justus, is a traitor and alerts Farson's men to Steven's presence. Swiftly, Steven and his twenty gunslingers are surrounded as a fierce gun battle ensues...

Men of legend are a double-edged sword, do ya kennit?

They are the ones who inspire the rest of us with tales of their smarts and great deeds and what-have-ya.

We're told to remember not only their faces, but the whole of their greatness, and let that greatness inform our actions.

On t'other hand, it's a hard bit of row-hoeing for men such as Steven Peschain who are expected to walk in the overlarge footsteps of men such as...well...

Arthur Eld.

Can't rightly say "See him now," 'cause ain't nobody living today ever set eyes on him.

So you'll just have to conjure him from your imagination. Shouldn't be too hard.

Just picture the greatest man what ever lived, and you got him.

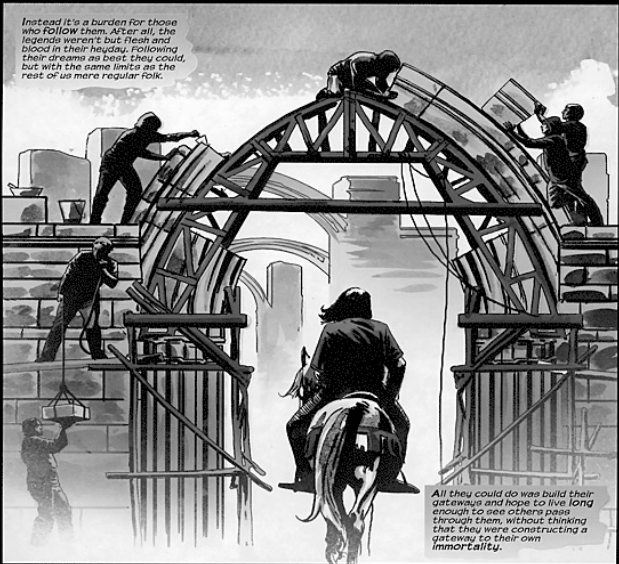






Aye, a great man was he. But a man, just the same. We tend to elevate such men of legend nigh unto godhood. That ain't a problem for the legends since they're long gone.

Instead it's a burden for those who follow them. After all, the legends weren't but flesh and blood in their heyday. Following their dreams as best they could, but with the same limits as the rest of us mere regular folk.



All they could do was build their gateways and hope to live long enough to see others pass through them, without thinking that they were constructing a gateway to their own immortality.



Now Steven
Deschain...

...he ain't thinking
much about
immortality of any
sort. Not Arthur
Eld's, and certainly
not his own.



Death and only death
is on his mind.

Kind of understandable,
all things considered.



Milord!
Where...

Where
are the
others?

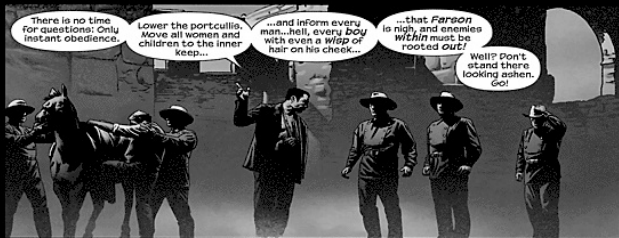


Looking
upon their
Fathers'
faces.

It was an
ambush. Chris
and I...

We're the only
survivors.

But--



There is no time for questions! Only instant obedience.

Lower the portcullis. Move all women and children to the inner keep...

...and inform every man...hell, every boy with even a *wisp* of hair on his cheek...

...that *Ferson* is nigh, and enemies *within* must be rooted out!

Well? Don't stand there looking ashen. Go!



Chris, I no longer give a damn what the common folk think about the course of justice.

Fetch my son out of jail immediately.

Roland!

Yes, *of course*, Roland. What *other* son do I--?



No, I mean... right *there*. It's Roland.

Ah.

Yes, well...

Smartly done, Chris.



Father... gods, your arm... the *pain* must be--

Too many of my men will ne'er again feel anything. Pain is a small price to pay for living.



And losing you would be too great a price to pay for Gilead... and for me.

Hug if you must, but mind the arm.

Yes, sir.



The bastards are coming for us, Roland...

...and the only ones I can trust absolutely are here before me.



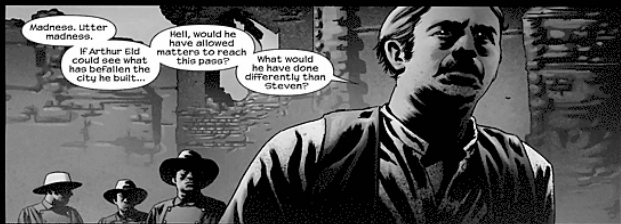
Your father needs medical attention, Roland. And I need my son. Have Alain meet me at Doctor DeCurry's office.

Of course.



Roland, come to my chambers in an hour. That will be *more* than enough time for Doctor DeCurry to properly set my arm...

...and time is something we cannot waste.





Why? What sort of heartless beasts would slaughter a doctor and his nurses?!



The kind who want to make sure they won't be able to minister to potentially fatal wounds...



...such as this one.



Nothing dims pain
quite like a drink
or two.

It also dulls the wife, though.
But Steven figures he has a
little time to fully recover
them.

And in wine is also the
truth, or so they say.
Cause of that, Steven
Peachin finds himself
facing some harsh
truths...

I have let thee
down, Arthur Eld.
Look at what has
befallen thy
city.



On *my* watch
has the enemy
brought us to
this pass.

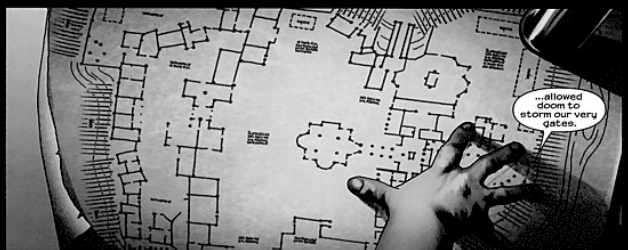
On *my* head
are the souls
that have
been lost.

And now I
turn to you,
oh my greatest
ancestor.

For you were a
far wiser, insightful
man than I could
ever hope to
be.

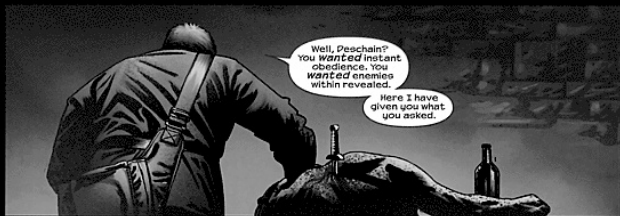
Let me review
your original plans
for this city...

...and reacquaint
myself with the
safeguards you built
in for a time when a
poor, pathetic fool
such as myself...



...allowed
doom to
storm our very
gates.





Unnhhhh--!!

And
I thank
you...

...for
thinking I
am as easily
slain...

...as
that!

A guard
should know
better...

...than to
lower his
guard!







YOU...
poxy son of
a whore!

My
face--!



What
know *you* of
faces?

The gaze of
my *father's face*
is upon me! I *wither*
under its disapproving
glare--

--and will
be damned if it
sees me die...



...at
the hand of
the likes of
you!



No more words, then, for they have outlived their usefulness.

Instead the struggle gives us long moments of grunting, or snarls...

...of a cry of anguish as Steven's previous wounds are used against him.



Of a triumphant growl...



...which--as Steven picks up the fallen gun--proves to be remarkably short-lived.

And, as it so happens...



BLAM



...the guard turns
out to be short-
lived as well.



And even as the guard's
headless body winds up at
the bottom of the moat...



Steven uses
his own blood
to scrawl a
message.



#-father...?
Father!!



He...he must
have died trying
to defend--

No, his
spilled blood
is fresher.

He found this...
this massacre...and
was jumped...



But it
makes no
sense!

It makes
perfect sense,
Aileen. Anticipating
a battle? Kill the
healers.



You just
have to have
the stomach for
slaughtering
innocents.

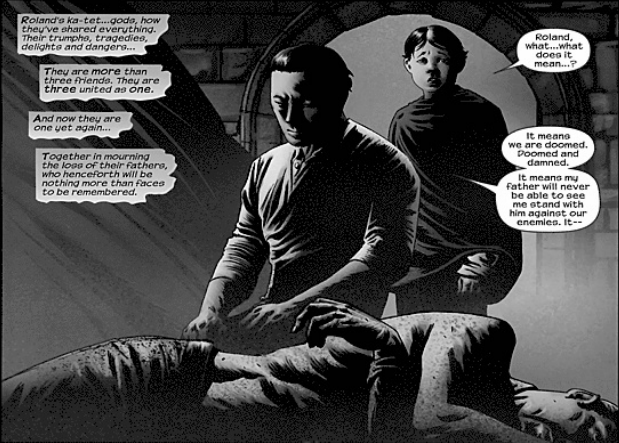
And Farson
obviously does.
Bert...what do
we do?

We *fight*
him. And we
try *not* to
bleed.





...is forever broken.



Roland's ka-tet... gods, how they've shared everything. Their triumphs, tragedies, delights and dangers...

They are more than three friends. They are three united as one.

And now they are one yet again...

Together in mourning the loss of their fathers, who henceforth will be nothing more than faces to be remembered.

Roland, what... what does it mean...?

It means we are doomed. Doomed and damned.

It means my father will never be able to see me stand with him against our enemies. It--



Roland, I cry thy pardon, truly, but I...

I meant... what does *that* mean? Those words...

Open the PITS

It means
my father knew
his death was
nigh...

...and he had
no desire for
us to join
him.

The pits are
Gilead's ancient
source of self-defense.
Diabolical instruments of
slaughter, to be used
only in the most dire of
circumstances.



*His father's body still
cooling in his chambers,
Roland now looks upon
the young gunslingers
gathered in the council
room and continues...*

I think we
all concur that
circumstances do
not come more
dire than
these.





These traps, Roland...they're real? I mean...

...my mother used to scare me with tales of them so I would not wander off on my own. I never thought--

Aye, Randolph... they're quite real. These drawings give us their positions and how to activate them.



But they must be used at precisely the right time. Cuthbert... you will be their operator, Alain...

Alain, are you *with* me?

Speak. I will answer.

You will be Bert's lookout, conveying the right moments to activate each trap. Do you understand?

I'm in *shock*, Roland, I'm not *deaf*.



The rest of you will be our eyes and ears on the ground, signaling the directions from which the attacks are coming so Alain can convey the cues to Bert.







"...it will be with my teeth buried in the throat of John Farson."



IN DEFENSE OF GILEAD



All citizens of Mid-World know that Arthur Eld, the ancient king of All-World, was a great hero. In the years following Mid-World's blighted age, Arthur Eld traveled from fortified town to fortified town, uniting the surviving men and women against the mutants and harriers who oppressed them. With eloquent speeches, he advocated the cause of strength through unity. With his sword and his guns he tamed the lawless lands, and with his band of fearsome and devoted knights, he ushered in an era of peace and stability. It was he who rebuilt the city of Gilead from the Old People's ruins, and it was he who slaughtered the great serpent Saita so that the people of In-World could sleep soundly in their beds.

But few people know that Arthur Eld was also a scholar. As a young baron in western Mid-World, he amassed a huge library. Traveling through all the known lands, he sought out those books and manuscripts that had survived the Great Cataclysm, and employed linguists to decipher and translate them. Some of these books were histories, but others were tomes of technological magic which described the principles underlying the Old People's amazing mechanisms. In fact, it was from these texts that Arthur Eld and his followers learned how to plant crops to clear toxins from the earth, and how to filter water in order to purify it. It was also these texts that

described how to use sparklights and how to generate the energy needed to power the stoves and ice machines of the palace.

Yet Arthur Eld was not content just to collect the Old People's ancient knowledge. He also wanted to understand what had happened to Mid-World in the years after the Great Poisoning. In an attempt to create a coherent history of the land, he sent scribes to every corner of Mid-World so that they could record tales of Mid-World's Dark Age. For Arthur Eld believed that to prepare for the future, he first needed to understand the past.





What the Eld discovered disturbed him greatly. All the stories his scribes recorded—no matter how ancient or modern—pointed to one uncomfortable truth: Mid-World's history was one of cyclical bloodshed. The first man-made structures erected on the land were the Druid Stone Circles—altars dedicated to the gods of death—and it seemed that even after centuries of tranquility, it was to the worship of these ancient canchar that the people of Mid-World inevitably returned. Hence Arthur Eld knew that although he and his knights had ushered in an era of peace, someday the Kingdom of All-World would fall, and their beloved city of Gilead would be besieged by those who wished to quench its light and return the world to turmoil and darkness. The Eld and his followers had triumphed over Mid-World's many harriers, but they knew too well that these lawless gangs had not been completely destroyed. Instead they hid in their dens, licking their wounds like angry beasts, awaiting a time when Gilead's defenses were weak, so that they could rise up and destroy it.

Calling his advisors and knights together, Arthur Eld shared his concerns. He feared that even if he and his men managed to keep the forces of the Outer Dark at bay, in the time of their grandchildren, or great-grandchildren, these enemies of the White would overwhelm the city and slaughter its citizens. Scrutinizing face after face, Arthur Eld stated that they had to find a way for the city to defend itself . . . forever.

For many moments, the room was silent. But then, after several minutes had passed, Sir Bertrand Allgood stood to speak. Clearing his throat, he suggested that they stockpile the Old People's weapons in a vault below the city. They should create an arsenal unrivaled anywhere else in the known lands. Who would dare to challenge them once it became known that the knights of Gilead were armed with flamethrowers and lasers, tanks and ant-omic guns?

But even as Sir Bertrand spoke, his old friend Sir Alfred Johns shook his head. The Old People's weapons, he said, were tainted, and brought

a kind of leprosy to their users. All who touched them or tried to operate them found that their skins erupted in sores, their teeth softened and fell out, and eventually their bodies weakened and died. How could Knights of the White possibly endanger their people by keeping such dangerous artifacts below their city?

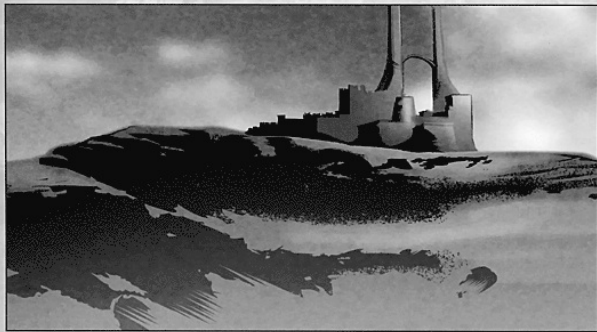
Many of Arthur's knights pounded the table in agreement, but the Eld raised his hand to silence his men. Both Sir Bertrand and Sir Alfred made good points, he said. Sir Alfred was right, the Old People's weapons were deadly, but in an ancient text, he and Sir Bertrand had read that the poison which tainted the Old People's weapons was called radioactivity and it decayed over time. Such poisons had what the Old People called half-lives, and as time passed these poisons grew weaker. Hence, it was conceivable that in five hundred years or so, the Old People's weapons would be useable again.

The king's words met with murmurs of surprise, but once again the king raised his hand to silence his men.

Although, he said, they could conceivably store the Old People's weapons in sealed tanks, he felt they should reject the use of the Old Ones' dangerous artifacts upon moral grounds. For the Old People's weapons had already destroyed Mid-World once. Surely they—as knights of the White—did not want to risk doing so again.

At this point one of Arthur Eld's weapon masters stood to speak. He said he agreed with the king—to use the Old People's weapons was unwise. Their kingdom could not serve the White and also adopt the deadly ways of the past. However they did have to keep in mind that future harriers would have no such scruples. As soon as it was discovered that the Old Ones' weapons were no longer toxic, the ancient factories and arsenals would be raided. Hence, whatever defenses Gilead erected, they had to be strong enough to withstand an army wielding the most horrific firepower imaginable.

Arthur Eld nodded. The weapon master was right. The best way to secure the future of Gilead was not





to store poisonous weapons but to strengthen the city's defenses so that they could withstand the most powerful army. Surely that was not beyond their ability? After all, did not Gilead have the best library in all Mid-World, one that contained all of the Old People's accumulated wisdom, and was not knowledge strength? If they combed through the books,

scrolls, and manuscripts stored in the palace, surely they would be able to harness the Old People's vast knowledge and use it in a way that was both true to the White and deadly to their enemies?

For two full years Arthur Eld and his advisors scoured every book, every manuscript, and every scroll in





the library. They drew up blueprints, and then destroyed them, and then drew up new plans. After much discussion they decided what to do. They would create a unified defense for the city, one that was secret but which could be operated from a central and well-protected location. Although her citizens would not know it, their city would become like a giant spider, or great viper, or powerful lion, able to kill any enemy who ventured too close.

Beneath the city of Gilead Arthur Eld's technicians and weapon masters built a huge, complex war machine. This machine, which would be operated by levers located in a tower above the inner keep, controlled a series of traps which encircled both Gilead's outer wall and her inner sanctum. The first defenses were Gilead's pits. Huge holes were excavated in the earth and were lined with upward-pointing spikes, each of

which was tipped with poison that became more deadly with each passing year. Enormous trap doors were placed above these pits and then covered with soil and seeds. Within a season, the grasses would make the pits undetectable, but if Gilead were besieged, then her attackers would be skewered. The second defenses were spring-loaded spears, hidden at the bases of both the city and inner sanctum walls. When released, these poison-tipped spears would shoot upward at 45 degrees, piercing and killing. Finally, metal tracks were inserted along the wall of the inner keep. When activated, lightning-fast blades would spin along these tracks, slicing open any who dared to scale the masonry.

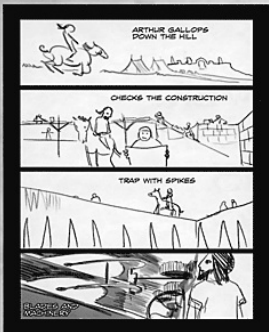
The plan took ten years to fine-tune, and it required another ten years to put the machinery and traps in place. But in the end, the defenses of Gilead were proclaimed miraculous, and said to rival the great structures erected by the Old People. In fact, the stories about these defenses were so amazing that many people did not believe they existed at all, and within three generations the defenses were relegated to the realm of myth. But Arthur Eld's blueprints remained. Generation after generation, Gilead's dinhs studied these plans, knowing that if their city was ever attacked, they would be able to defend their home. 

WRITTEN BY:
ROBIN FURTH
ILLUSTRATED BY:
DENNIS CALERO

**DARK TOWER:
FALL OF GILEAD
ISSUE #5
SKETCHBOOK**

**A look at the creative team's in-progress work,
including layouts, pencil art and cover concepts.**

Richard Isanove's layouts with his notes.





RICHARD ISANOVE'S BLACK AND WHITE ARTWORK. THE FINISHED VERSION OF THIS SPREAD APPEARED EARLIER IN THE ISSUE.





MARVEL YOUNG GUN RAFA SANDOVAL (AVENGERS: THE INITIATIVE) BRINGS ROLANDS YOUNG AND OLD TO LIFE IN THIS ACTION-PACKED VARIANT COVER. SEEN HERE ARE RAFA'S INITIAL PROPOSAL SKETCHES, HIS COMPLETED PENCILS, AND THE INKS BY HIS LONGTIME COLLABORATOR, ROGER BONET. THE FINAL COVER WAS COLORED BY EDGAR DELGADO.

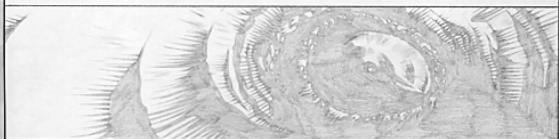




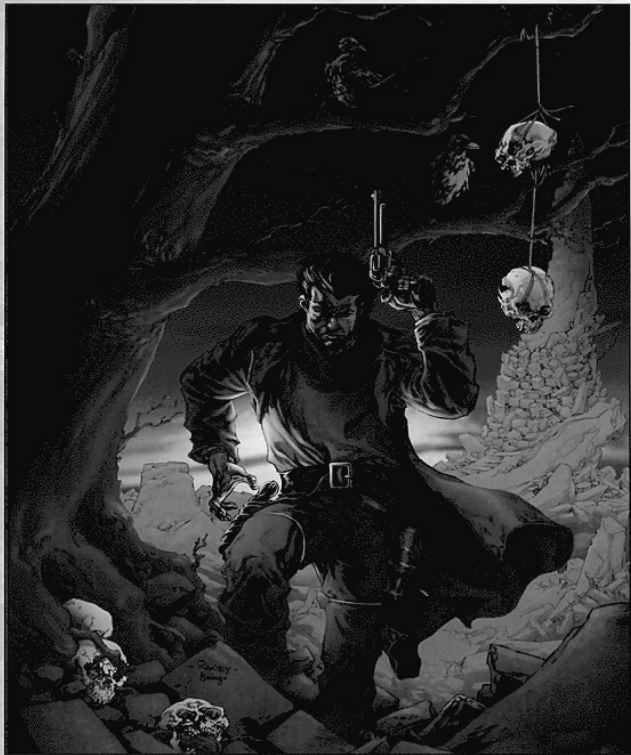
An exclusive preview of **DARK TOWER: THE BATTLE OF JERICHO HILL.**
Pencil art by Jae Lee.







NEXT: The battle ends as a gunslinger makes his last stand!





All is not well in Mid-World. Gunslinger Roland Deschain, the young man whose destiny it is to seek and save the Dark Tower, is haunted by horrifying visions from the evil seeing sphere, Maerlyn's Grapefruit. The Crimson King, enemy of all that lives, has long plotted the utter destruction of the Tower, and the undoing of reality itself. Now, with Roland unable to act, his monstrous foe has put his plan into motion...

From the creative team that brought Roland's early adventures to life in *The Dark Tower: The Gunslinger Born*, *The Dark Tower: The Long Road Home*, and *The Dark Tower: Treachery* comes the next chapter of this dark saga of friendship, betrayal and a cosmic quest as conceived by master storyteller Stephen King.

PARENTAL ADVISORY
FOR STRONG LANGUAGE & CONTENT

\$3.99 US



00511

WWW.MARVEL.COM

DIRECT EDITION

